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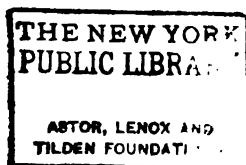
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W
Hawkins, J.E.
Hawkins





Yours truly
D. E. Hamblin

Brevet Major-General
JOSEPH ELDRIDGE HAMBLIN



1861-1865

BOSTON
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1902



Yours truly
C. E. Hamblin

Brevet Major-General
JOSEPH ELDRIDGE HAMBLIN



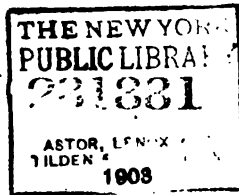
1861-1865

By Deborah Hamblin.

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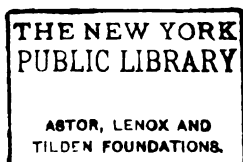
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This memorial of General Hamblin has been prepared from scanty material, with the valuable aid of Mrs. Thomas C. Bray, for the Historical Branch of the Public Library in his native town Yarmouth, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

The present generation cannot realize the spirit of those days in the early sixties. Even we, who lived in them, did not fully do so until the struggle ended and the burden was lifted; yet it seems fitting that there should be a record of one who served so long and faithfully, who gained such rapid promotion, and who was the only field officer on the Cape who attained the rank of brevet major-general.

DEBORAH HAMBLIN.

YARMOUTHPORT, June 1, 1902.





SITE OF JAMES HAMBLIN'S HOUSE
BARNSTABLE, 1639.

JOSEPH ELDRIDGE HAMBLIN.

JOSEPH ELDRIDGE HAMBLIN, elder son of Benjamin and Hannah (Sears) Hamblin, was born in Yarmouthport, Barnstable County, Massachusetts, January 13, 1828.

He was a descendant of James Hamblen, "who, so far as has been ascertained," was the first of the name to settle in America, and, on his mother's side, of Richard Sares, sometimes called the "Pilgrim."

James Hamblen came from London, and settled in Barnstable, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1639. Of his earlier life little has been learned. Records exist, however, from which some traces of him are supposed to have been discovered. It is not improbable that he may have been obliged to leave his family, and fly from England, on account of religious persecution.

He was a Puritan, and a member of Mr. Lothrop's church "after the latter came to Barnstable." He may have been a member of it in London, but he appears to have settled in Barnstable "independently from Mr. Lothrop and his Church." "His house lot, containing eight acres, was at Coggins Pond. It was bounded northerly by the lot of Governor Hinckley, easterly by the Commons, now the ancient graveyard, southerly by the Commons, and westerly by the highway. . . . His great lot of fifty acres was bounded south-westerly by the Great Indian Pond, southerly by the lot of Thomas Lothrop, and northerly by the Indian Pond lots, on which his son John built a house. The Hamblens were among the first settlers in that part of the town, and that region of country is still known as Hamblen's Plains."

The correct spelling of his name is a matter of doubt. "There was then no standard of English orthography, and the same individual did not always spell his own name uniformly." The name of

James *Hamblen* appears frequently in the records of Plymouth Colony. In a list of freemen in Barnstable in 1643, taken from Plymouth Colony records, is the name of James *Hamlene*; but in his last "Will and Testament," dated January 23, 1683, the name is written *Hamlin*. His sons usually wrote it *Hamblen*. In the old English records the name is written Hamelyn and Hamelin. The descendants spell it variously, as Hamblen, Hamblin, Hamlyn, Hamlin, and Hamlen.

Most of those bearing this name in America descend from James Hamblen, and they are distributed throughout all the States and Territories.

Captain Giles Hamlin, who settled in Middletown, Connecticut, about 1650, may have been a relative of James. Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President, thought the early Hamlins at Cape Cod and those of Middletown were related.

James Hamblen died in Barnstable, 1690. The names of Bartholomew Hamblen and his brother Eleazer (sons of James) appear in the company of Captain John Gorham, in King Philip's or the Narragansett War, in 1675; and they are both named in the list of grantees in the Narragansett grants of land in Maine.

The first appearance of the name of Richard Sares in this country is upon the records of Plymouth Colony on the tax list, March 25, 1633. In the Salem rate list of January 1, 1637-38, he was taxed as a resident of Marblehead; and his son Paul was born there 1637-38.

"Early in the year 1639 a party, led by Anthony Thacher, crossed to Cape Cod, and settled upon a tract of land, called by the Indians Mattakese, to which they gave the name of Yarmouth. It is probable that Richard Sares came with them, accompanied by his wife and infant son. He took up a residence in Sesuit, now East Dennis, which was then a part of Yarmouth. In his last "Will and Testament," dated 1667, he speaks of his elder son Paul, and in a codicil, 1676, of his eldest son Paul."

Richard Sares died in Yarmouth, and was buried August 26, 1676. His descendants have been prominent in church and town affairs and in the militia. Their names may be found in the records

of the Indian and French Wars, the Revolutionary War, and that of 1812. Many of them served also in the Civil War. "Of good stature and comely appearance, they are healthy and long-lived, enterprising and esteemed citizens, wherever found."

Ebenezer Sears of the fifth generation (Willard⁴, John³, Paul², Richard¹), the grandfather of Joseph Hamblin, was born in Harwich, October 11, 1755. In early life he was master of a vessel in the coasting trade. He served at various times during the Revolutionary War; was corporal, and one of the guard over Major André the night previous to his execution. He served from September 1 to November 24, 1776, in Captain John Grannis's company, seacoast service, at Elizabeth Islands; also, three months on brigantine "Active," Captain Allen Hallet, in 1779. "He is said to have been the first to carry the American flag to the east of the Cape of Good Hope, and to hoist it in the Indian seas."

Joseph Eldridge Hamblin was the eldest of four children, two of whom died in infancy. While he was yet young, his father, Mr. Benjamin Hamblin, became connected with the *Daily Advertiser*, and in 1832 moved his family to Boston, where he remained until advised by his physician to retire from business. He returned to Yarmouthport in the summer of 1836, and died there January 22, 1837.

About two years after this the family again moved to Boston, and Joseph was educated in the private schools of that city. He grew rapidly, and at the age of sixteen was six feet in height. The state of his health causing alarm, a sea voyage was ordered, and in 1846 he was sent to China by his uncle, Mr. Joshua Sears, of Boston. He derived great benefit from the long voyage, and soon after his return went to New York, in the employ of Cunningham, Belknap & Co., engine builders, with whom he had previously been connected in the Boston branch of the business.

He remained with them until 1854, when he became an insurance broker, under the firm name of Rathbone & Hamblin. In 1851 he joined the Third Company of the 7th Regiment, National Guard, New York State Militia, keeping his connection with that regiment during the entire period of his stay in New York City.

In July, 1857, he went to St. Louis, Missouri, where he was employed in the house of Warne, Cheever, & Co., dealers in hardware.

In a letter written soon after his arrival he says :—

“To my surprise, I am at last permanently located in this city,—a black Republican surrounded by a slaveholding community. St. Louis is a pleasant city, reminding me in many things of Boston. The style of buildings and an all-pervading air of respectability remind me more of the Athens of America than any other city I have visited.

“Although slavery is an institution here, yet slaves, or rather negroes, are not so frequently seen about the streets as in New York.”

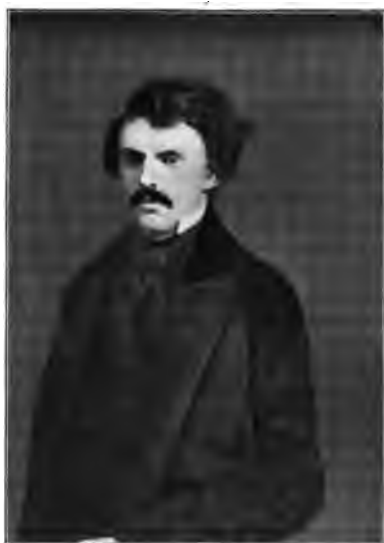
The territory about St. Louis was then “The West,” and the West fifty years ago was comparatively undeveloped. He travelled for the firm, much of the time on horseback over rough roads. He had an unusual facility in drawing with pen or pencil, and often sent home with his letters the most realistic off-hand sketches of the various types of character encountered in the course of his business trips.

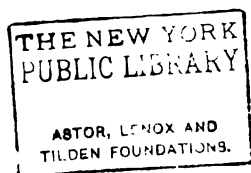
He remained four years in St. Louis, and during that time acted as orderly sergeant of the National Guards, and afterwards as lieutenant of the Missouri Guards.

At the very beginning of the war, in 1861, he returned to New York, and entered the service of the United States, April 22, 1861, as adjutant of the 5th New York Volunteers (Duryea's Zouaves), receiving his commission as lieutenant May 10, 1861.

He served with General Benjamin F. Butler's command through the summer of 1861, taking part in the battle of Great Bethel, Virginia, June 10. He became captain August 10, 1861, and was then sent to Baltimore, where his regiment was intrenched on Federal Hill. He was commissioned major of the 65th New York Volunteers (the 1st United States Chasseurs), November 4, 1861. General John Cochrane was at that time colonel of the 65th, and Alexander Shaler lieutenant-colonel.

With his regiment he took part between April 5 and July 1, 1862, in the siege of Yorktown, Virginia, and in the battles of Will-





iamsburg, Fair Oaks, Glendale, and Malvern Hill, Virginia. At Malvern Hill a rifle-ball struck his hat, flattening the acorn upon it, and then glancing off through the rim. He was made lieutenant-colonel July 20, 1862,—a promotion won by hard service,—and was in the battles of Antietam, Maryland, September 17, and Fredericksburg, Virginia, November 9, 1862. In 1863 he took part, May 1-4, in the storming of Marye's Heights and the defence of Salem Heights, fierce engagements in the series known as Chancellorsville, Virginia.

His services there and in previous battles won for him his commission as colonel, received May 26, 1863. As colonel of the 65th, he fought under General George G. Meade in the battles of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 1-3, Rappahannock Station, November 7-8, and Mine Run, Virginia, November 26-28.

In 1864 he was with General Ulysses S. Grant's forces in Virginia, and took part in the battles of the Wilderness, May 5-7, Spottsylvania Court-house, May 8-18, and Cold Harbor, June 1-12.

In July, 1864, General Hamblin's regiment was transferred to the Shenandoah Valley, with the 6th Army Corps, of which it was a part, to resist the demonstrations of Generals John C. Breckinridge and Jubal A. Early against Washington and Maryland. He fought in Virginia, under General Philip H. Sheridan; at Winchester, July 2; Fisher's Hill, August 15; and Cedar Creek, October 19. In the latter battle he was wounded in the right thigh by a rifle-ball, but refused to leave the field, and his regiment helped to cover the first retreat, until Sheridan's arrival "turned the apparent repulse into a victory." A letter written afterwards from the hospital shows how bravely and quietly he accepted the fortunes of war.

"They hit me this time," he says, "but not badly, through the fleshly part of the thigh. No bones or arteries injured. I was very fortunate, and am quite comfortable."

At General Sheridan's request he was commissioned brevet brigadier-general of volunteers "for gallant and meritorious services at Cedar Creek," and was placed in command of a brigade. A furlough was given him on account of his wound, and it was quite remarkable that during the entire period of his absence from the army the corps to which he belonged had no engagement with the enemy.

At the expiration of his furlough he returned to active service, participating in the engagements at Petersburg, March 25, 1865, and at Hatcher's Run, April 1, and Sailors' Creek, April 6, 1865. In the latter — the final battle between the Army of the Potomac and the opposing force — his brigade suffered severely. For "conspicuous gallantry at Sailors' Creek" he was commissioned full brigadier-general, and subsequently major-general by brevet.

His brigade and regiment were the last ones mustered out of the Army of the Potomac, July, 1865.

The letters of General Hamblin, presented on the following pages, were written to his mother and sister during the progress of the Civil War.

They are not intended to furnish a complete, nor even a continuous, historical narrative. Unfortunately, a large number of his letters have been destroyed, among them many describing important battles in which he took part.

The letters that remain, however, furnish vivid and accurate pen-pictures of the "strenuous" living that went on during the exciting months and years of that memorable period. They were written mostly with a pencil in camp and hospital and on the field of battle.

It is from such private letters that we read between the lines, as it were, and get glimpses of what was going on in the intervals separating great battles. We learn of the toilsome marches and counter-marches, the road and bridge building, the court-martials, the foraging for food, the hastily improvised arrangements for light and warmth and the night's rest.

It is from letters such as these that we begin to understand the spirit of devotion to duty and country inspiring officers and men alike. We share their hopes and fears, their privations and discouragements; and we rejoice with them in their small comforts and their great victories.

It is thus, indeed, that we come near to the *heart* of the mighty conflict.

LETTERS.

HEADQUARTERS 5TH REGIMENT, N.Y. S. VOLS.,
FORT SCHUYLER, May 10, 1861.

My dear Mother and Sister,—

Yesterday the 5th was mustered into United States service,—ten companies, numbering about 847 men. Orders were received last night for us to leave so soon as we can equip. We shall probably get away about Tuesday next. Our destination is unknown, probably near Washington.

Our uniform is as follows : fez cap, chocolate color with blue tassels ; white flannel cape, very light, to protect the face and neck from the sun ; jacket, blue with red trimmings ; shirt, ditto ; trousers and sash, red with blue trimmings ; gaiters, brown linen ; light blue overcoat ; knapsack, canteen, haversack, tin cup, to every man.

By the last act of Congress an adjutant ranks as captain.

I am in splendid health, and enjoy this life. We are liberally supplied with all comforts, more, indeed, than we can take away. Every man has a pair of woollen blankets and an India rubber blanket.

The officers' uniform is red and blue fatigue cap with gold braid, dark blue frock coat, and red trousers.

I have been offered command of two companies, but the colonel will not spare me. I like my present position best, and think my chances of promotion are as good as if I were in the line.

I am writing this before six o'clock A.M.

Your affectionate son and brother,

(Captain) JO. E. HAMBLIN.

HEADQUARTERS 5TH REGIMENT, N.Y. S. VOLs.,
July 25, 1861.

We received marching orders about one o'clock this A.M. Will leave camp in about an hour. Have been busy packing up and doing up unfinished business, and snatch a moment from the confusion to assure you of my love and that you are ever present in my memory.

We do not know in what direction the column is to move. Four regiments are under marching orders. We are in excellent spirits.

The news this morning shows the late retreat to have been a dearly bought victory to our enemies, and shows such contrast with the terrible disaster we first learned of that we are quite exultant. . .

The battle referred to was probably Bull Run.

CAMP FEDERAL HILL, BALTIMORE, MD.,
Oct. 5, 1861.

My dear Sister,—

I shall be "officer of the day" to-morrow, and my company will be detailed for guard duty. I cannot leave. Come to Baltimore, if possible. Stop at the Eutaw House (Union). Barnum's is "secesh," and may prove unpleasant. If you visit this city, take a carriage as early after arrival as possible for Federal Hill. It is about one and a half miles from hotel. Inquire of sentinel for

Your affectionate brother,
JO. E. HAMBLIN.

I must return to my men, whom I have left at work in the trenches.

In November, 1861, General Hamblin was commissioned major of the 65th New York Volunteers (1st United States Chasseurs); and in December, 1861, he was presented with a fine horse named Zouave. There are frequent allusions to this horse in his correspondence. The gift was accompanied by the following letter:—

CAMP FEDERAL HILL, BALTIMORE,
Dec. 25, 1861.

MAJOR JOS. E. HAMBLIN:

Sir,— The undersigned committee, on behalf of the non-commissioned staff and the non-commissioned officers and privates of Com-

panies A, B, C, E, F, G, I, K, of the 5th Regiment, N.Y. S. Vols., hereby beg your acceptance of this slight token of their esteem and regard for you as a soldier and a gentleman.

The Regiment, wishing to express their appreciation of your character in a tangible manner, have taken the close of the year as an appropriate time to present you this horse. We have named him "Zouave" in honor of the 5th New York, which you yourself have taken great pains to raise to a high standard of excellence.

Trusting you may enjoy many years of health and happiness and that our present may be of some service to you in your military career,

We subscribe ourselves,

Very truly yours,

THOMAS I. TAYLOR, representing N. C. Staff.

BENJAMIN HOVEY, " Co. A.

ANDREW T. THAYER, " Co. B.

DEN G. MACAWLY, " Co. C.

JOHN FRIL, " Co. E.

F. W. SOVEREIGN, " Co. F.

RODERICK GEDNEY " Co. G.

JOSEPH REANEY, " Co. I.

A. S. MARVIN, Jr., " Co. I.

WILLIAM B. HOGEBROOM, " Co. K.

PROSPECT HILL, 5 MILES EAST FROM DRAINSVILLE,
GEN. KEYES'S DIVISION, IN BIVOUC,
March 11, 1862.

We left Camp Cochrane at 4 A.M. yesterday. Halted in this field at 4 P.M. Colonel Cochrane being detailed on general court-martial, and Lieutenant-Colonel Shaler absent on leave in New York, I have been for some time in command, and my hands full.

Shaler joined us last night. We advanced to-day again. There are 60,000 marching on this expedition : its object we can only conjecture. We are all well, and in excellent spirits. Left our camp standing, tak-

ing nothing but what we have on our backs. Slept on the field last night sounder than I have for a long time.

There will probably be before long a big fight or a big run, we don't know which.

My horse lamed himself slightly yesterday, slipping on a rock road. I do not want to peril him by travel, and this morning sent him back to Washington. Shall have another to-morrow.

I am writing this sitting on the ground, paper on a drumhead thus.



CAMP COCHRANE, D.C., March 17, 1862.

We returned to camp last evening, absent one week. For the first two days and nights heavy rains prevailed, making our bivouac life very disagreeable, especially at night.

The enemy evacuating their stronghold, about the same time that we departed from the capital, had changed the programme ; and we are awaiting the transports assembling at the navy yard for our accommodation. The order to march may come in an hour,— perhaps not for two days. We are all well, and impatient.

Tell your friend — that his Democratic (?) friends and his pro-slavery tendencies are just now at a discount.

CAMP COCHRANE, D.C., March 18, 1862.

We have again received marching orders. Leave to-morrow at 7 A.M. for Alexandria, there to take transports for some unknown destination.

We are glad to disturb the monotony of camp life by active service in the field.

Will, as opportunity affords, send you a few lines at a time from the bivouac as we advance.

TRANSPORT "NANTASKET," OFF
FORTRESS MONROE, VA., March 28, 1862.

Once more near my old camping-ground, the old familiar scenes close around. I thought last fall these grounds were left behind forever; but now James River pours its constant stream against a fleet of numberless craft, covering the Roads and harbor wherever the eye can reach. . . The "Monitor" lies near us, a veritable cheese-box,—black as fate.

I found among the crew of this boat a pilot from Hyannis,—I forget his name,—with whom I spent a pleasant hour last night in the wheel-house, learning the fate and present condition of many mutual acquaintances.

Address your letters to 1st United States Chasseurs, camp near Fortress Monroe, or to follow the regiment until further direction.

CAMP GRAHAM'S BRIGADE,
NEAR NEWPORT NEWS, VA., April 3, 1862.

We have been in bivouac four days. About 150,000 of our troops are encamped around us on this peninsula below Yorktown. Orders were received about three hours since for our brigade to prepare three days' cooked rations, and march to-morrow morning at six o'clock. The advance is evidently towards Richmond. Yorktown, now occupied by the rebels under McGruder, lies on our road. Their force, as near as we can learn, is not more than 15,000. They are about eighteen miles distant. Before forty-eight hours are over, they must fight or retire. . . . Our next point will probably be Williamsburg, and soon to Richmond. Troops are hourly arriving from Washington. All our arrangements are complete for the march. The 5th, my old regiment, is about half a mile removed. The reception they gave me when I rode into their camp on Zouave was tremendous. . . .

HEADQUARTERS 1ST U.S. CHASSEURS, BIVOUAC ONE-HALF MILE
WEST FROM WARWICK C.H., NEAR THE RIVER,
April 16, 1862.

We have been under arms since daylight. Smith's division has opened on one of the enemies' batteries, about two and one-half or three miles on our right. . . .

Our brigade is ready to advance, if General Smith should require re-enforcements. . . . General Keyes, our corps commander, approaches with staff, and, I hope, news of the fight, which has been booming upon us all day.

I have just learned that we have silenced two of the enemies' guns, and our loss is trifling. . . .

HEADQUARTERS 1ST U.S. CHASSEURS,
CAMP NEAR WARWICK C.H., April 20, 1862.

The affair progressing when my last letter was being written terminated with the day and without our co-operation.

Three times last night and once this morning we have been called to arms. The alarms were not justified by any serious demonstration by the rebels.

Our pickets occasionally picked off one of theirs or *vice versa*, and thus armies are uselessly disturbed by unprofitable warfare.

Our men are charged not to fire upon the enemies' pickets, and they display great forbearance; for the rebels are faithless, and sometimes exasperate our fellows to retaliation.

The rumor prevails in camp that the bombardment of Yorktown will begin to-morrow. We are about eight miles removed, guarding the left of our line, to prevent our opponents from crossing Warwick or landing from James River and attacking our rear. If Yorktown falls, of which we entertain no doubt, the only question among us being "how long first," we shall cross the Warwick, and move on towards Williamsburg after a retiring foe.

The location of our camp is pleasant. The tall pine-trees afford excellent shade. Through them the wind moves freely, all the lower branches being cut away. A stream and two or three springs are but a few paces in front of my tent.

Thousands of troops are all around us, the enemies' pickets about one-half a mile in front.

A view of the dignified "Field" and "Staff" of the Chasseurs, as they have appeared at their meals for the past ten days, would, I think, amuse you.

Our table furniture consisted of two battered tin plates, one leaky tin cup, one old tin pan, one fork, which I stole from a house appropriated for hospital purposes. The fork was iron, two-pronged. With these implements we were obliged to cook and eat our meals for nearly



two weeks. Our larder was still more meagrely supplied. For two days I lived on corn cracked with a hatchet in the hollow top of an old stump, and boiled with a small piece of pork ; and no dinners were ever more palatable to me.

Our purveyor, long delayed by impassable roads and want of transportation, arrived yesterday ; and we live again. . . .

HEADQUARTERS 1ST U.S. CHASSEURS, CAMP NEAR WARWICK C.H.,
WARWICK Co., VA., April 25, 1862.

"All is quiet in the Grand Army of the Potomac." The enemy occasionally drops a shell or shot in our vicinity, which kind attention usually excites so cordial a response that our rebel friends speedily subside into silence.

Now it occurs to me that I will give you my address according to latest orders. Jo. E. Hamblin, Major 1st U.S. Chasseurs, Graham's Brigade, Couch's Division, Keyes's Corps, Washington, or to follow the regiment.

CAMP AT WILLIAMSBURG, VA.,
May 8, 1862.

You have doubtless ere this learned of the evacuation of Yorktown and subsequent battle of Williamsburg. Our regiment — immediately after the enemy fell back from Yorktown and the Warwick River — was, with the rest of our brigade, ordered in advance on a reconnoissance. The rebels were, however, far ahead; and the delay we were subjected to, waiting for our rations and ammunition to come up, — which by our sudden departure were necessarily left behind, — prevented our arriving upon the field of battle at this place until late in the afternoon.

We were then ordered to support a battery of field artillery, then moving into position, when Hancock's gallant charge turned the tide of battle, and decided the day as ours. A few grumbling shots from retreating battalions of infantry closed the day.

Our position for the night was in rear of a strip of woods, as a reserve for two regiments, — 7th Massachusetts and 4th Rhode Island, — deployed in front as pickets.

Although we expected a fierce renewal of the fight next day, the morning brought no report from our foes, until — the day well advanced — we learned of their full retreat towards Richmond. Their works both at Yorktown and Williamsburg are of formidable strength, and, well disputed, would have sorely troubled us. We are resting a day or so here. Franklin's division went up the York River on Monday. We expect to move forward by land towards Richmond to-morrow.

The battle of Williamsburg was a serious affair. The loss on both sides heavy, though that of the enemy is quite double ours.

This town is now full of the wounded left behind, and our cavalry are bringing in hourly hundreds of prisoners who have scattered among the woods around and in front of us. Their line of retreat puts Bull Run to shame. The road is corduroyed with muskets and other arms thrown away. There is no doubt in our minds that the enemy will be driven from Virginia in a few days.

I never felt so well, though I have not changed or even taken off my clothing for nearly a week, and have marched and slept in rain and mud that must be felt and seen, but cannot be described.

The regiment is in line, waiting for me to review the dress parade. Finer weather than yesterday and to-day was never known. . . .

KEYES'S ARMY CORPS, 3 MILES EAST OF
BOTTOM BRIDGE, VA., May 19, 1862.

We are but three miles from Bottom Bridge, where the rebels have sworn to fight to the last man. Richmond is but eighteen miles from us. Our gunboats are now shelling the doomed city. We have no faith in their promises to meet us in the field, and expect to dine in Richmond on Sunday next.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST U.S. CHASSEURS,
BETWEEN WILLIAMSBURG TURNPIKE AND YORK R.R.,
6 MILES FROM RICHMOND BY R.R., May 29, 1862.

We have just moved our camp, advancing about two miles. The enemy are in line about one mile in front, but apparently not in great force.

Our (Keyes's) corps is in advance, supported on right end rear by Sumner, and on left and rear by Heintzelman. Franklin, Smith, and Fitz John Porter, each commanding divisions, are still farther on our right. We are waiting for everybody to take position; and, if the enemy stand, may have a field fight in a day or two; otherwise, our advance will probably be gradual siege approaches.

Banks's reverse caused more panic in New York and Boston than in the army. . . .

IN CAMP, 6½ MILES FROM RICHMOND, VA.,
June 7, 1862.

About one o'clock P.M. on Saturday, May 31, three shells falling upon the outer verge of our camp gave warning of the enemy's approach. Hastily forming, we marched northwardly on the nine-mile (road) to our first line of battle.

Here we remained, threatened by two brigades infantry, and eight guns of the enemy, until the left and centre of our army had been forced back of our camp, and our communication with them cut off, as the enemy had pressed in between us and the Williamsburg road, by which our troops were retiring. General Couch, who still remained with this portion of his division, now moved us to our second line near Adams House, where the agreeable intelligence of Sumner's near approach renewed our hopes.

About five o'clock P.M. the gleaming bayonets of Sumner's column emerged from the woods in our rear, the general in advance, not one moment too soon.

Scarcely had he rode up to our line, when three orderlies and aides in rapid succession galloped up with announcement that the enemy in great force were occupying the woods on our right. "Who commands this regiment?" "Colonel Cochrane, sir!" "Take your regiment into that field to left of Colonel Sully, and edge of woods. Double quick, sir!" Double quick we moved to the position; . . . and for nearly two and one-half hours these two regiments, the 31st "P. V." and the "Chasseurs," held the celebrated "Hampton Legion" and eight other rebel regiments at bay, until after dark, the left wing being brought forward and the artillery changing front, we brought such a raking fire upon them that they fled, leaving us to sleep through a rainy night on the field beside their wounded and dying, who filled the wood.

The Sunday fight was conducted mainly by the first re-enforcements that so opportunely arrived the previous evening, and did not reach our position on the extreme right.

Our men worked day and night for forty-eight hours, burying the dead and removing the wounded. The sacrifice of life was fearful, but the rebels have lost three to our one, certainly in this part of the field. . . .

CAMP NEAR FAIR OAKS, 6 MILES FROM RICHMOND,
June 10, 1862.

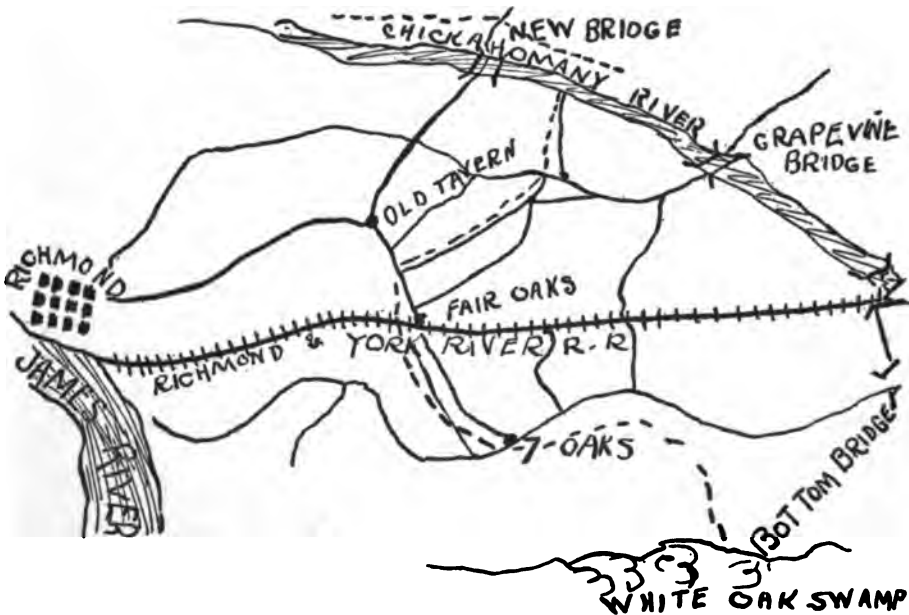
The Army of the Potomac still occupies the ground rendered historic by the late sanguinary battles.

It is, however, largely re-enforced, and so intrenched as to defy attack.

We may remain in our present position some days, perhaps weeks, until every available force has been assigned its position, when we expect to move in such power and overwhelming strength as to compel a surrender or at least force a retreat, thus closing the campaign and virtually the war. For, if the rebels retreat from Richmond, I opine they will never again make a formidable stand.

Our present position is as follows. . . .

The dotted line represents our front.



The enemy are in sufficient force near "Old Tavern," about three-quarter mile from this camp, to prevent Porter and his force, about 40,000 troops, from crossing the Chickahominy at "New Bridge." Our object is to advance our line, so that the right wing shall run from Fair Oaks to Old Tavern, thence to New Bridge; but the general commanding forbids our driving the enemy or doing anything calculated to bring on a general engagement until all is ready. Meantime they throw shot and shell occasionally among our pickets, and not unfrequently in our camps; but we never reveal the location of our batteries by replying. . . .

The weather is awful,—rain, rain, all the time. We lost everything but the clothes on our backs on Saturday. The enemy drove us back from our camp, and robbed us of everything.

I have, however, supplied myself with all immediate necessities from the battlefield, and in all the details of toilet and table have to thank the confusion of the rebels for the comforts I enjoy. . . .

CAMP 6 MILES FROM RICHMOND,
June 14, 1862.

We still sleep on the field of battle; that is, when our enemies permit.

We are waiting for "*everything to be ready*" before the next grand move. How long we are to wait no one but *the* general can say. . . .

I am disgusted with the newspaper accounts of battles. Every officer seems to have a special reporter whose duty it is to write up his patron, and the least deserving appear to enjoy the greatest exaltation. Reporters' puffs are soon forgotten, but men in the army never forget their brothers in arms; and the official report, which is the just reward every good soldier's ambition looks for, is not yet published. . . .

Zouave escaped unhurt. Our regiment was fortunate, although engaged in actual combat for nearly two and a half hours. The enemy's bad firing saved us.

CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING,
JAMES RIVER, July 8, 1862.

Here we are, what is left of the Grand Army, on the banks of James River, strongly fortified in front, supported by gunboats on either flank, with re-enforcements constantly arriving, in good spirits and ready for the foe.

What is the programme for the future is as great a mystery to me as to you. The feeling of comparative security and prospect of rest, after the terrible experience of those fearful ten days, is as much as can be realized or desired for a few days.

You will gather from the papers some knowledge of our trials and labors during the retreat, and must spare me the endeavor of recounting experience of the most unpleasant nature.

Our corps was in the advance,—in fact, has been so since we crossed the Chickahominy. Our regiment was thirteen hours under fire at the grand battle on Tuesday near Turkey Creek bridge, the greatest battle our army has yet known. We went in with 340 men. Lost 66. Our men behaved nobly, standing up to the fire like a wall. Indeed, we could with difficulty restrain them from charging the enemy, who, as usual, fought under cover of the woods, while our troops were all exposed in an open field.

We remained on the ground from 8 A.M. until midnight, and immediately took up line of march to this place, about nine miles distant, arriving almost exhausted about 8 A.M. next morning. Twenty-four hours' hard work that. I have been busy since, strengthening our position, which is nearly complete, and look forward hopefully to a few days' rest. . . .

I am in my usual health, and escaped unhurt. . . . Write me as often as you can, for we feel terribly blue at times. I mean the officers. The men are in excellent spirits. . . .

Can't you make one small fruit cake, that will keep until I get it? I am so tired of hard bread and salt meat.

CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING,
July 11, 1862.

. . . We still remain quietly resting our weary soldiers on the banks of the James River, or rather *near* the banks. Our camp is three miles removed from the Landing.

Our defences are nearly completed ; and we idly endure the excessive heat as best we may, doing as little as possible after the sun is up.

The mornings from three to six are delightful, and of late the moonlight evenings.

To-day and last night we are favored with refreshing rain, and are altogether comfortable.

Burnside with his force is near by. We are in doubt whether active hostilities will be speedily resumed or the summer months exhausted in recruiting and reorganizing the army.

You may be assured, that the disappointment we endured in not entering Richmond by the 4th of July was bitter, indeed. However, "Patience, and shuffle the cards!" We don't mean to give it up so.

My health is excellent. I seem to stand the campaign better than any of them.

I have not won much glory personally thus far; but the regiment has done gloriously, and is widely and favorably known. I was favored at the battle of Malvern Hill by the gentle attention of some rebel who sent a bullet plumb against the middle of my forehead. Fortunately, it struck the acorn ornament on my hat-band, and glanced off through the rim, leaving a conspicuous trail behind.

I might sell the hat at a good price, but keep it for your admiration.

CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, VA.,
Aug. 4, 1862.

. . . The Grand Army is patiently, very patiently, waiting, for something to turn up. The health of the army is improving. Men are now comfortably clothed and fed. Their camps, generally well policed.

Concerning McClellan, I have a long campaign's experience, on which is based a positive opinion, in which opinion, I am sustained by nine-tenths of the officers under his command. He has been puffed up and Napoleonized to a degree that imposes upon many at home, but without anything in his career to justify. His best friends fail to specify a single act of his since we left Washington that indicates ordinary military genius. He is above mediocrity as an engineer. Might make a good commander of division in the field; but he is, in fact, destitute of those elements of greatness essential to a general directing the grandest military movements of the age or of history.

The opportunities we have lost, the mortifications we have suffered, the sacrifices we have endured for eighteen months to secure one *strategic move*, make us who have seen and felt it all incline to the opinion that "the end does not justify the means."

HEADQUARTERS 1ST U.S. CHASSEURS,
CAMP NEAR YORKTOWN, PA., Aug. 28, 1862.

Five months ago, on the 25th inst., the Grand Army (?) left Washington, full of hope and promise. No finer host ever marched to martial music.

One hundred and twenty thousand strong when it left Yorktown, splendidly equipped, of material such as never before filled the ranks, with all the resources of a great nation at its command and within its reach, it advanced on the great campaign of the Peninsular; and after five months' active service, having never made an attack and never lost a battle, it has trailed its weary way back through the dust of its own footprints, nothing accomplished but encouragement for our enemies and 90,000 men forever lost to their country's defence.

We have been for many days debarred the privilege of correspondence with our friends at home. Transports now await our embarkation at Yorktown. We shall leave to-day, probably for Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg.

All my boxes, packages, etc., etc., have been thus long floating about in one of Adams's Company barges. McClellan will not permit

their delivery. We shall beyond doubt receive them at Fredericksburg.

I was unfortunate enough to lame my horse while on picket three days before our departure from Harrison's Landing, and I footed all the way to this point. It has restored me to my old winter strength, and was a most fortunate misfortune.

My horse has nearly recovered. . . .

HEADQUARTERS 122D N.Y. S. VOLs.,
CAMP NEAR MOUTH MONOCACY, Sept. 13, 1862.

Since my last, Couch's division has moved from Yorktown by transports, destination Aquia Creek. Arriving at latter place, telegraphic despatch from McClellan ordered us immediately to Alexandria. I was left two days at Aquia Creek to communicate the order to balance of fleet as they arrived. . . . Finally, have been marching and counter-marching since to this spot.

I am detailed as instructor to 122d New York Volunteers, a new regiment, who are entirely uneducated in military matters from colonel to drummer. . . . 1,046 strong, splendid men, willing, but *green*. It is hard work at best; but in the field the labor and responsibility are very great.

I will not attempt any promise for the future of our army or the country. We have once more an opportunity for signal success, but we have no assurance that there is anything more to expect hereafter than the blundering and neglect of the past. . . . We expect to move soon. The coming week will probably be eventful.

I am well as usual. Nothing has yet reached me by express, where eight packages are waiting. I do not hope to see them until the campaign is over.

We are marching with everything on our backs, and no wagons. The Chasseurs are reduced to about 250 fighting men. . . .

HEADQUARTERS 122D N.Y. S. VOLs.,
CAMP NEAR DOWNSVILLE, MD., Oct. 16, 1862.

. . . Two numbers of *Living Age* and one of *Harper's* arrived this P.M. The express company also delivered yesterday the two packages

containing. . . . Numberless officers in the Grand Army tender thanks for pleasant indulgence in cake and jellies from Cape Cod. A meagre relic of your bounty is now locked up in a chest constructed for the purpose, now resting at foot of my bed, where I stealthily and miserlike occasionally regale myself with substantial memories of home. Not the least acceptable of all your favors was the literature. Many of my friends have for two days past been immersed in light reading, to the scandalous neglect of their duties to their "bleeding country." The army is now, as it has been since the battle of Antietam, in daily expectation of marching orders; and, in truth, marching orders are plentifully sprung upon us at all hours of day and night, but have as yet never taken us far or long away from camp. Of the future we are as ignorant as you can be.

The 122d N.Y. State Volunteers is improving rapidly. . . .

HEADQUARTERS 122D N.Y. S. VOLS., CAMP NEAR
INDIAN SPRING, WASHINGTON CO., MD., Oct. 22, 1862.

We arrived here about nine o'clock last evening from Hancock, Maryland. Have been marching and counter-marching day and night for five days, but have only heard of the enemy. How long this camp will be maintained is impossible to predict. . . .

Do not send any clothing other than I may direct. I have drawn a cavalry overcoat such as are generally used in the field. It is very comfortable,—long skirts and cape, with high collar,—all for \$9.75. Have ordered a pair of boots of a cobbler in a small village near our old camp near Downsville, and shall send for them to-morrow. Can draw trousers from quartermaster, have received your boxes of underclothing, and you need not fear any suffering on my part from cold weather.

HEADQUARTERS 122D N.Y. S. VOLS.,
CAMP NEAR BERLIN, MD., Nov. 2, 1862.

I never knew a finer day. It is mild and clear, and the quiet of a soldier's Sunday pervades the long steep slopes that, clothed with a thousand tents, shut in the western end of Happy Valley. But the distant roar of heavy guns gives warning of the coming clash and jar

of arms, when all the worst of human passions, excited to their fullest frenzy, shall disturb the peaceful scene, to be succeeded by the gloom and pall of death.

We are in hourly expectation of orders to cross the Potomac, where all McClellan's army has preceded us. . . .

I am altogether comfortable. Found a pair of ready-made soldier's boots to fit, and return my old ones with sundry worn-out articles of clothing to be preserved for the good they have done. . . .

We are now the 6th Regiment, 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 6th Corps, or 122d New York State Volunteers, Colonel Titus, John Cochrane's brigade, General Newton's division, Franklin's corps.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST U.S. CHASSEURS,
CAMP 6 MILES FROM WARRENTON, VA., NOV. 9, 1862.

Arrived here this day about 10 A.M. Siegel's, Porter's, and Franklin's corps are assembled in the immediate vicinity. Expect to move forward to-morrow morning. No sign of rebels near. A few of their cavalry made a dash through Snicker's Gap, and captured a few army wagons and some sutlers' teams, among the latter our own. They were three days behind the army, and probably are now on their way to Richmond. . . .

All sorts of rumors disturb the camp, but nothing definite is known of our future movements. . . . I am very comfortable with my new boots, overcoat, buffalo robe, pillow, and night-cap. Am getting very tired drilling and commanding this new regiment for another man, and long to be ordered back to my own again. Am writing this sitting on the ground by the light of a camp-fire, and, as darkness thickens, can scarcely discern my own scrawling.

It has been officially announced, in orders from Albany, that I am lieutenant-colonel of the Chasseurs. My commission is on the way. . . .

HEADQUARTERS 122D N.Y. S. V.,
CAMP NEAR NEW BALTIMORE, VA., NOV. 10, 1862.

The Grand Army is mournful to-day. The roads for miles around have been lined with regiments of soldiers, cheering McClellan as he

took his last farewell. Even those who have the least confidence in his abilities as a great general are oppressed with the general sadness. Poor man, it was the first time the habitual cheerfulness of his countenance has been overcast with gloom ; but, as he passed the tattered, ragged colors and decimated ranks of the Chasseurs, he bowed low his uncovered head, while the big tears fell from his eyes.

Who is the better man to succeed him is now the question. God help his successor !

I have believed that all great emergencies develop men equal to the occasion. The man for our time and cause may live, but has not as yet proved his claim to our trust. . . .

HEADQUARTERS N.Y. S. V., 65TH REG.,
CAMP NEAR NEW BALTIMORE, VA., Nov. 15, 1862.

Official notice was received at regiment headquarters about one week ago of my promotion to lieutenant-colonel. . . . The commission dates back as far as July 17. . . .

The order relieving me from duty as instructor of the 122d, and returning me to duty in the Chasseurs, came to me last evening. I am once more at home.

The black hat is the one I wore at Malvern Hill. The cord and the other ornaments, including feather, belong to it. It is the army regulation pattern. When put together, looks something like this,



about as ungainly an article as a soldier can put on. You will note the acorn was smashed. The blow struck me on the forehead between my eyes, and the ball glanced off through the rim.

I saw Captain West about noon. He was just starting for Stafford Court House, about thirty-five miles from here and eight miles from Fredericksburg. He has gone to select a camp-ground.

We and all the army move to-morrow.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST U.S. CHASSEURS,
CAMP NEAR STAFFORD C.H., VA.,
8 MILES FROM FREDERICKSBURG, Nov. 21, 1862.

The fine weather has passed. We have been encamped here in mud and rain three days, with prospect of winter quarters hereabouts.

I have sent Frank with Zouave to Washington. He is so disabled that he cannot be kept longer in the service without danger of losing him altogether. When he is well, I will send him home to Cape Cod. . . .

HEADQUARTERS 65TH N.Y. S. VOLS., 1ST U.S. CHASSEURS,
CAMP NEAR STAFFORD C.H., VA., Dec. 1, 1862.

Here we yet remain, with a future uncertain as ever. I am quite established in winter quarters. My tent is floored; have a table, bedstead, and chair, the latter cushioned,—all done in camp,—clothes-rack and wood-pile, and last, not least, a stove,—a small sheet-iron stove, with a box in which it packs, with pipes, etc. . . .

Of Burnside we have as yet had no opportunity of judging. He arrived almost too late in the season, when all the fine weather had been lost; and he may not be able to distinguish himself this winter by opposition of the elements.

I am not satisfied that he is a great man, but he may possess abilities never yet called into action.

Nothing could exceed the fine weather we have had; . . . but now we are subject to rain all the time, and the roads are hub-deep with mud. . . .

HEADQUARTERS 65TH N.Y. S. V., 1ST U.S. CHASSEURS,
CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAINS, Dec. 7, 1862.

We marched here in rain, settled down in mud, slept in a snow-storm, and are now nearly frozen up. For two days the weather has been very severe. Ice an inch thick made last night. Our men suffer much, with no covering but their slight shelter tents and one blanket each.

My own quarters, with a roaring fire, are very comfortable, and from morn to tattoo crowded with cold friends, thawing themselves by my little stove. . . .

How we all longed to sit down to your Thanksgiving dinner!

I have just received my commission. I have to be mustered in on it, and will immediately mail to you.

IN LINE OF BATTLE BEFORE FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,
Dec. 14, 1862 (Sunday).

We crossed the Rappahannock River three days ago. The first night only skirmishers, and our own regiment to guard the bridge, crossed. Yesterday and thus far to-day we have been fighting mostly with artillery. Our brigade was yesterday exposed to the worst artillery fire we have yet known,—that is to say, the most rapid, heavy, and longest; but the whole brigade lost but 1 killed, 14 wounded. Our regiment, though in the front line, suffered no loss whatever. Great guns are booming all around us since daylight. What the day will bring forth we cannot say.

The rebels have a strong position, occupying a semicircle of hills enclosing a large plain on which our army lies. Our force is very great: that of the enemy, not known, but supposed to be all they can muster.

Our regiment led one column, crossing the bridge. Have had no breakfast this morning, and slept on the ground for two nights.

HEADQUARTERS 65TH N.Y. S. V., 1ST U.S. CHASSEURS,
CAMP NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, VA., Dec. 19, 1862.

You are of course advised through the public journals of the late reverse. Our regiment was one of the first to cross; guarded a bridge the first night; was in the fight of Saturday, under the most terrific fire of artillery yet known to us; on picket the last day and night, and the last to leave.

I withdrew the regiment from picket only about fifty yards from the enemy, after the whole army had crossed to this side the river. The duty is one of the most delicate nature; the least noise on the part of a single man would have exposed our movement to the enemy and ourselves to destruction; for our support was three miles away, with the river between us. The Chasseurs, however, have done as usual *well*. . . . The night was favorable. A high wind and heavy clouds prevented our movements from being heard or seen.

We are now comfortably encamped about three miles from Fredericksburg, how long to remain we cannot tell.

Halleck is here in consultation.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST U.S. CHASSEURS,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., Dec. 30, 1862.

. . . You will find in some late number of the New York *Herald* or *Tribune* quite a complimentary article on the conduct of the Chasseurs in the late engagement before Fredericksburg.

I have not seen it myself. . . . I am temporarily in command. Shaler left for Washington for three days on regimental business. Neither he nor myself has had a leave of absence since we have been in the service, and to get it now is impossible. You will probably hear of more fighting before we have rest or winter quarters.

Thank cousin — for her kindness to me, and also my many friends at home, not only for myself, but brother officers who enjoy the good things from Cape Cod. In our present miserable plight, it is the only acknowledgment we can make.

HEADQUARTERS, 1ST CHASSEURS,
CAMP NEAR BANKS FORD, VA., May 6, 1863.

This is the ninth day since we broke up camp, where the last five months have been so quietly passed.

Hooker with the main body of our army . . . crossed the river about fifteen miles above here.

The cavalry corps under Stoneman crossed still farther up, and are supposed to have been operating on the enemies' rear and communications, while our own corps, with one division of the 2d and Pratt's light brigade, attacked and carried the celebrated heights of Fredericksburg ; but, like everything this army has ever undertaken, it all comes to nothing. There appears to have been no concert of action ; and this, like all our vast combinations, has been defeated in detail. The enemy combining first against one point, then against another, with strong re-enforcements from the Carolinas, attacked and repulsed Hooker, and the same day sent 40,000 men to surround us. Our force was, perhaps, all told, 25,000. Having passed through Fredericksburg, we met the enemy in position and great strength. Hooker was unable to make a diversion in our favor. We were surrounded on three sides, with but one avenue of retreat, and too weak

to advance to Hooker's relief, and consequently were compelled to recross the river at this point, about five miles above Falmouth, and leave Fredericksburg again in the hands of the foe.

Where Hooker is I do not know. Rumor says that he crossed above the same night we did.

The week past has been arduous, little rest day or night. My regiment was on picket the night of the advance, skirmished into the town, lost fourteen men and Major Healy mortally wounded, and came to a stand before the celebrated Stonewall Malakoff, where Burnside lost so many men before. Retired to the town until daylight. All this had been done between 12 and 3 A.M.

Shaler led the charge on the heights about noon, and carried them handsomely. His name is in everybody's mouth.

On we went into the country, so far that the rebels got around our left and occupied some of their works. Met us in force in the afternoon, and gave us a bloody battle.

Next day we held our position until sunset, and then moved towards the ford, crossing about midnight.

I am unhurt. Last night's sleep has rested me. I was somewhat fatigued; for my horse was shot in the first skirmish, and I had to go through the whole on foot with no field officers to help me. All right now. . . .

HEADQUARTERS CHASSEURS, 65TH N.Y. S. V.
1ST BRIGADE, COLONEL SHALER.
3D DIVISION, GENERAL NEWTON.
6TH CORPS, GENERAL SEDGWICK.
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, GENERAL HOOKER.
CAMP NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, May 23, 1863.

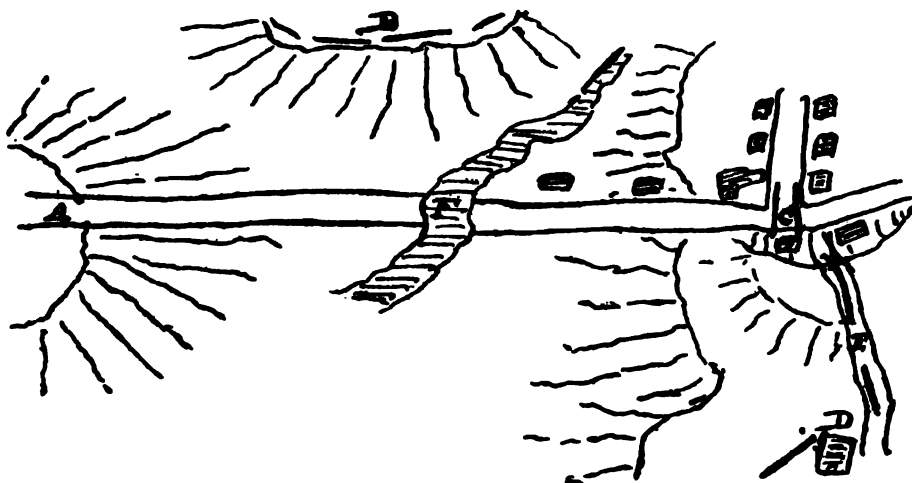
In the first place, let me acknowledge receipt of various periodicals, letters, and mayflowers received on the field of battle at Salem Heights.

We are again established in camp, about half a mile distant from our locality last winter. . . . My mare is rapidly recovering from her wound, and will be ready for service in two or three weeks.

Major Healy, supposed to be mortally wounded, is quite comfortable at Washington . . . and has a chance of recovery.

I give below a rude sketch of the locality where Healy was wounded, or, rather, a diagram showing the scene of our skirmish :—

A is the top of a hill on the Bowling Green road on the southern outskirts of Fredericksburg. For a mile back we had received a scattering fire from the enemy's pickets on the left of this road. At this point we were welcomed by a volley from the hill on the left marked B, from a line of battle of the enemy on the hill in the town, and from the houses around spot marked C, and from a body of the



enemy on hill and in house marked D, and behind the wall of a lane or sunken road marked E. I had three companies deployed on the left of my column about sixty or a hundred yards from the road, whom I left to engage the enemy in that direction. One company was also deployed on the right of the road. At the creek which crossed the road at F, my advance guard of one company I sent to the right and front to engage the enemy around house marked D, while I led my main reserve of five companies, numbering about 130 men, up the hill against the main body in the street at C. While crossing the creek, seven men fell. The firing was heavy and from three sides, but badly directed. At the time my horse was wounded, the men felt that they were surrounded, and for a moment hesitated. Dismounting, I rallied them, fixed bayonets, and with a cheer occupied the town. . . .

HEADQUARTERS CHASSEURS, 65TH N.Y. S. V.,
CAMP NEAR FAIRFAX C. H., VA., June 22, 1863.

Our army has done some marching since my last. Our corps, the 6th, crossed the Rappahannock at the old place, where we intrenched ourselves. Remained there ten days, recrossed, and after marching through dust and heat beyond all past experience, are now resting in this pleasant locality. Where the rest of our army is — where Lee's army is — what either army is to do, are questions you can answer as well as myself, or, for that matter, as well as any but the commanding officer of the army. A large number of men were lost by fatigue, etc. My own regiment came in intact. I say *my* regiment. You have probably learned through the columns of the New York *Herald* of my promotion to the colonelcy. I was not advised of it, and did not expect it until notified by the department at Albany a few days ago. . . . We are all in excellent health and spirits, and glad to get away from Fredericksburg where we have been so long, and unprofitably fighting and doing nothing.

HEADQUARTERS CHASSEURS,
CAMP NEAR POOLSVILLE, MD., June 27, 1863.

Once more we tread the shores of "Maryland! My Maryland!"

After picketing night before last near Bull Run, marched at daylight, camping last night at Drainsville.

At five this A.M. started again, crossing the Potomac on pontoon bridges at Edwards Ferry, arriving here this P.M. Expect to move again to-morrow, we know not where. . . .

Received your letter last evening; am pleased to hear good reports from Zouave. . . . I see by the papers that Cape Cod is suffering in her navigation from rebel pirates.

How is Copperhead stock down there just now? . . .

It is a matter of regret that no letters remain describing the battle of Gettysburg. It is known that Colonel Hamblin with his regiment arrived upon the field during the second day of the engagement. So much has been written of this famous battle that every one is, in a measure, familiar with it; but to follow its details in a letter written during the battle or immediately after, by one who was himself an actor in the scenes, would have lent to it a more vivid coloring,—an intense personal interest.

HEADQUARTERS CHASSEURS,
CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, VA., July 26, 1863.

After marching and counter-marching up and down and across the country, we have at last arrived at this point, where we expect to remain for a day or two, perhaps longer. We have had a hard time of it for two months. Our men need rest. . . .

Our friends at home cannot appreciate the excessive labor and fatigue of a marching campaign at this season, especially in a hilly, mountainous country. . . .

HEADQUARTERS CHASSEURS,
CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, VA., Aug. 2, 1863.

The probabilities are that we will have rest for a season. Our camp is about two miles from Warrenton, well located. The extreme heat is tempered by mountain breezes and almost daily showers. . . . The country hereabouts has been neglected for two years, having been the theatre of war or occupation by one or other of contending forces during the Rebellion. Its resources for subsistence are entirely exhausted. We rely entirely on the commissary and army rations. Even these are not furnished in profusion, the railroad not being equal to the demand on its rolling stock.

HEADQUARTERS CHASSEURS,
CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, VA., Nov. 2, 1863.

By the way the wind howls around our camp, I am led to believe that down on Cape Cod you are having winterish weather. We are, however, tolerably comfortable in our old camp. What with mud and stone chimneys, it looks quite like a smoky village of the "shanty denomination." . . . I am now president of a court-martial. It has been my luck to be detailed on this duty at every camp of any permanence for about three months. I may become a tolerable military lawyer, but the duty is very tedious. I chafe under the confinement. This war is making savages of us. How civilization will ever endure our presence "when this cruel war is over" is a mystery.

HEADQUARTERS CHASSEURS,
NEAR KELLEYS FORD, VA., Nov., 1863.

Our corps has had another battle and decisive victory. Russell's brigade, Wright's (first) division, led the charge on the enemy's works, captured 1,700 prisoners, 9 flags, 4 guns, 2,000 small arms, and a pontoon bridge, occupying all the enemy's defences on this side the river. Loss on our side, about 250 killed and wounded.

It was a wonderful sight,—the finest advance in battle array I have yet seen. The country is open, and the whole front of the corps was in view as it moved forward,—first the line of skirmishers, then the reserve, next the first and second lines of battle, and in the rear the reserves. The men ran handsomely into the rifle-pits,—no stragglers behind.

General Wright said, " You must take the works in five minutes or not at all "; and they took them. I am now going back to join the brigade at Manassas Ford.

HEADQUARTERS CHASSEURS,
Nov. 19, 1863.

Yours, announcing the death of Zouave, came to hand this morning. I am now glad I did not sell him. . . . We had a review to-day for the entertainment of some English officers,—a very fine and imposing display.

You say that Shaler's brigade is not noticed in the journals as having participated in the battle at Rappahannock Station. That is not so strange. There never was a *newspaper* published in Massachusetts that ever I heard of. Shaler's brigade formed the right of the line. Its loss was small, only fifteen by shell and skirmishing. Russell's brigade made the charge in splendid style. Altogether it was the finest battle scene I have witnessed. Everything was in full view. Generally, the enemy are masked by woods ; and here they thought themselves safe behind their forts and rifle-pits We are still at Brandy Station. The camps are full of rumors, but nobody *knows* anything.

Wishing I could eat Thanksgiving dinner with you. . . .

HEADQUARTERS CHASSEURS,
BRANDY STATION, VA., 9. P.M., Dec. 3, 1863.

Got back to our old camp this P.M. after the great fatigue from forced marches and movements on the other side of the Rappahannock. I had hoped for one night's quiet repose, intending to write you to-morrow morning; but an order has just come in to be ready to move at once, no one knows where. We are all well. Lost but one man wounded in late operations. As usual in our retreats, my regiment brought up the rear. I had to draw in the pickets at 3 A.M., the main army having moved at 9 P.M. the same night. Came off without exciting attention of the enemy. Marched twelve miles, and crossed the river at 9.30 in the morning. . . .

HEADQUARTERS CHASSEURS,
BRANDY STATION, VA., Dec. 30, 1863.

. . . Have sent home on furlough for thirty-five days one major, five line officers, and 181 men, who have re-enlisted. I hope to visit you myself in February.

Very dull here, and lonesome. Rain and mud prevail. The holidays passed painfully cheerless. . . . By the way, talking about holidays reminds me of Thanksgiving; and Thanksgiving brings up visions of hot home-made mince-pies. Cannot you make up some mince-meat, as you used when I was a boy, and send it to me in a box or jug or tin can? We can make the pastry here, as there is plenty of flour to be got of the commissary. . . .

HEADQUARTERS CHASSEURS, 65 N.Y. S. V.,
JOHNSON ISLAND, SANDUSKY, OHIO, Jan. 24, 1864.

You will doubtless read the above caption with surprise equal to my own at finding us here. Shaler has been absent on leave about three weeks. The brigade fell to my command.

One night about nine o'clock an order was stuck into my tent, directing the brigade to be ready to move by rail on the four o'clock A.M. train. Reveille was sounded at midnight. By 5 A.M. we were

in the cars and moving, without the slightest intimation of our destination.

At Washington received orders to proceed to this point to guard prisoners of war. After ten days of railroad travel, delays, and discomforts, we arrived here without loss of life or health; but it has been the most unpleasant and laborious of my experience. The weather intensely cold, men in box cars without fire or seats, stoppages on the road from ten hours to two days' duration, whiskey, hunger, fatigue, uncertainty, altogether gave me much trouble. However, we are here, and likely to remain for the present.

The city is a pleasant one; the island about three miles distant in the bay, where are confined about 2,700 rebels, all officers. Our men are part in barracks, part in camp. My own regiment in camp, and all comfortable. The duty is light, and the change agreeable.

By the return of Colonel Barrett, 82d P. V., from leave of absence, I am relieved of the command of brigade after all the work is over. . . .

Your description of the "golden wedding" awakens the old homesickness that late excitements had abated. Hope to see you in a few weeks. You may wonder so large a force was sent to this place. I believe the government is apprehensive of a demonstration from Canada in behalf of the prisoners.

HEADQUARTERS "CHASSEURS,"

JOHNSON'S ISLAND, OHIO, March 10, 1864.

I have just received the *Atlantic* and *Living Age*, two or three days earlier your letter. From the tenor of the latter I infer that some correspondence on both sides has failed to reach its address. You allude to several matters as being already familiar to me of which I had no previous knowledge. I am president of a court-martial. Have not been away from this island for six weeks. Have asked to be relieved, but do not hope for success. This has been my duty during all our leisure time for eight months. I shall become a lawyer and a judge, though not a merciful one, if this continues.

My regiment has the most beautiful camp we have ever enjoyed. Should we remain here all summer, it will be a paradise for soldiers.

I have been and am now very busy. Veteran volunteers and recruits returning to camp must be clothed, armed, and drilled, the camp perfected, roads built, and endless reports and correspondence. I hope in a few weeks to have my regiment in such shape as to feel at liberty to apply for leave of absence. We have always borne the reputation of being the best regiment in the brigade. Indeed, an application of mine to the War Department a few days ago for conscripts was indorsed by my brigade and division generals as being one of, if not *the* best, in the army. I do not want to lose ground.

For four months we have not received pay. All the officers are in debt. I have lived on borrowed money since New Year's.

HEADQUARTERS "CHASSEURS,"
BRANDY, May 3, 1864.

We move at 4 A.M. to-morrow. Our brigade is detailed as wagon guard,—ignoble, but safe, so you need not be too apprehensive. Weather is fine, roads do, men do. We are on for Richmond this time, I *think*.

IN THE FIELD, ABOUT 1 MILE FROM
SPOTTSYLVANIA C.H., VA., May 15, 1864.

This is the twelfth day of the campaign, the tenth of fighting. I am unhurt, but my regiment musters but one hundred and three men for duty. The brigade has suffered fearfully. We have done more fighting than during all our previous experience in the war. The army is greatly fatigued by the incessant fighting and marching, but still confident and determined. Lee is straining every nerve, and this campaign will doubtless prove [letter torn here] . . . Shaler is a prisoner. We crossed the Potomac River last evening, and assaulted the position we now occupy, taking it without difficulty. I am so sleepy I can scarcely keep awake to write this. Day and night, in sunshine and rain, mud and dust, we are active. I marvel at the endurance of our men.

HEADQUARTERS "CHASSEURS," IN THE FIELD,
COLD HARBOR, VA., June 7, 1864.

Yesterday I received a letter from each of you. It was a great day for me. . . .

We have had two days' rest in the rear, but go to the front lines again to-night. With above exception, my regiment has been in the front since we left Brandy. I am in good health, though, like all of us, somewhat worn with fatigue.

While I write by twilight, perfect quiet prevails. An armistice has been agreed upon, to bury the dead between the two armies. Not a gun is fired. We have become so accustomed to incessant firing of musketry and roar of artillery that this unusual silence is notable. . . . I enclose photograph of Sedgwick.

HEADQUARTERS 4TH BRIGADE, IN THE FIELD,
NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., June 22, 1864.

We are within musket range of Petersburg, and have been for four days. The house in which I write this is perforated with musket and cannon balls. A shell struck it just before I began this letter. Four bullets came through the cupboard wall behind my back, breaking all the china in the closet this morning. Many men are wounded or killed, hourly, around us; but we are as yet all right, and expect to be relieved to-night. Last night I had a few hours' sleep, the first for two days and nights. I am now commanding the brigade, and have been busy at night superintending the advance of rifle-pits in our front. Remember me to all our good uncles, aunts, and cousins. The longing to spend a few hours in quiet at home is at times very strong.

HEADQUARTERS CHASSEURS, ON BOARD TRANSPORT,
POTOMAC RIVER, OPPOSITE MOUNT VERNON, June 12, 1864.

We are thus far on our way to Washington. A despatch boat has just hailed us and passed on to others with the message that the enemy are driving our troops near Washington. We must hurry up the river. The 3d division of our corps left Petersburg about a week ago. The 2d and 1st Divisions embarked at City Point

day before yesterday. Have had a pleasant trip. To enjoy a cool breeze without blinding dust is a luxury we have not been accustomed to for two months.

I think we shall like fighting near the capital quite as well as in the trenches around Petersburg. Am quite well, and thoroughly rested.

HEADQUARTERS "CHASSEURS,"
CAMP NEAR GEORGETOWN, D.C., July 24, 1864.

We arrived just in time to save the capital. Followed the rebels up through Poolsville, across the Potomac to Leesburg, through Snicker's Gap, over the Shenandoah River to Berrysville, there left them on their way to Richmond and returned here, crossing at Chain Bridge. Have rested two days, and are now under marching orders, expecting to move every moment over the same ground. Early is reported to have turned upon Hunter in the valley, and every possible rumor prevails. I am quite contented so long as we do not take transports for Petersburg. I confess, to anticipate another season of campaigning in the heat and dust of City Point gives me little pleasure. The change from there to Maryland has been of great service to our men. The cool mountain breezes have restored the vigor that was gradually yielding to the torrid heat of Petersburg.

HEADQUARTERS 65TH N.Y. S. V.,
CAMP NEAR CHARLESTON, VA., Sept. 1, 1864.

The 65th is mustered out. Only about thirty men left the regiment to go home. About three hundred remain.

General Wright, on recommendation of my brigade and division commanders, has applied to the War Department to consolidate the veterans of the 67th New York with mine, under the title of 65th New York State Volunteers. They have been under my command (attached) for two months. The consolidation will give me nearly eight hundred men. I feel quite lonesome losing so many officers with whom I have been so long and pleasantly associated. . . . My friends, without my knowledge, made a strenuous effort to get a

leave of absence for ten days for me, to return with the regiment and visit home; but General Wright thought the exigencies of the service would not justify him in granting it. I am in hopes, however, of getting leave for a few days this fall, if quiet prevails.

HEADQUARTERS 65TH N.Y. S. V.,
Sept. 10, 1864.

The 67th New York State Volunteers have been consolidated with my own regiment, under the title of 65th. I have 778 men in the regiment. Make a fresh start with a good command, mostly veterans. . . .

I have not seen a dollar for a long time. We live mostly by stealing. Hogs, sheep, and chickens, all fly when a blue-jacket appears. A tree near my tent is festooned with hams, legs, sides, head, tail, and all, of a hog as big as a horse, which some of my men brought me this evening in a *bag*. I am, in fact, chief of an organized band of thieves and robbers; but, then, we are ordered to live off the country.

HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, 6TH CORPS,
CAMP NEAR HARRISONBURG, VA., Sept. 28, 1864.

We have had, since my last, two battles, and won two great victories. The enemy are now beyond our reach, moving for Richmond. These two battles have been the most decisive of any in which I have participated. At Winchester we fought them all day, driving them about five or six miles, until dark, when they continued their retreat and we halted until morning.

At Strasburg, or Fisher's Hill, a position they and we thought impregnable, we charged and carried their whole line, following close upon their rear all night and the next day until 5 P.M.

Our brigade enjoys the credit of saving the day at Winchester. The enemy had broken through our lines on the left of the 19th and right of the 6th Corps. We were advancing to support of the line to left of this point, when we saw our men falling back in confusion on our right. General Upton immediately moved us, double quick, by the right flank, taking a position within one hun-



THE MYSTERIES OF TATTOO.

dred and fifty yards of the rebels, just in time to save our artillery and the day. We made half a dozen charges after this, driving the enemy every time. Our loss was heavy at Winchester. General Upton was wounded. Command of the brigade had devolved upon me early in the fight by the death of General D. A. Russell, our division general.

Upton succeeded him, and was afterwards wounded in the thigh by a shell,—an ugly wound, but not fatal. No bones hurt.

At Strasburg the enemy did not fight with their old tenacity. We have taken twenty-three or four guns and three or four thousand prisoners, besides about fifteen hundred of their wounded left behind, and numberless battle-flags. The woods and mountains are filled with their stragglers, who daily come into our lines. Many of those who got off have thrown away their arms. They have but five guns left, and are thoroughly used up.

HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, 6TH CORPS,
NEAR FRONT ROYAL, VA., Oct. 12, 1864.

Since my last another decisive victory has crowned our arms in the valley. This time the cavalry have all the honors. On the march from Harrisburg to Strasburg our rear was closely followed and occasionally harassed by the enemy's cavalry, watching our movements. On the 9th General Torbert attacked them in front and flank, chasing them back to Mount Jackson, where night arrested further progress. The enemy were completely routed, fleeing in the greatest confusion over the whole width of the valley, leaving in our hands eleven guns, forty-seven wagons, including the headquarters' wagons of four general officers, three caissons, and a few hundred prisoners. They ran away so fast that but few prisoners were captured. Our men could not get within musket range of them. The rebel cavalry had just been re-enforced by General Rover (?) with fifteen hundred men and some new batteries from Richmond. We captured all their guns but one, and broke up their entire cavalry force, all of which was opposed to us and greatly outnumbered our own. . . .

I do not see any immediate prospect of a leave of absence. Am in my usual excellent health. . . .

Our greatest trouble is the possibility of losing General Sheridan as our leader. He has the entire confidence of the army, and is greatly beloved.

HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, 6TH CORPS,
NEAR MIDDLETOWN, VA., Oct. 16, 1864.

We are again fortunate. As far as Ashby's Gap we had marched on our way to Petersburg via Alexandria, when an aide, on the galop from General Sheridan, overtook and ordered us back. Early made a demonstration in front of the command of General Crook; and the 6th Corps was sent for, much to our gratification. How long we remain we do not know. At present we are quiet and comfortable. The season and country are alike delightful.

I send to you by same mail a newspaper with account of Winchester fight in it. An artillery officer handed it to me yesterday, and said that he has often seen my name mentioned in terms of high encomium in the same paper during the war. Rhode Island is ringing with my fame, while my native village, hard by, is wondering where I am.

Remember me with respect and regard to Uncle John. He is a glorious specimen of a school of which few disciples are left. Tell him we are doing what we can for re-election of Lincoln. Of the result we have no doubt. Three-quarters of the army will go for Lincoln.

HOSPITAL 6TH CORPS, IN THE FIELD, NEAR
NEWTOWN, VA., Oct. 19, 1864.

My dear Mother and Sister,—

We had hard luck this morning. The enemy attacked our left, General Crook's command completely surprising our men in their tents about 5 A.M. The whole left ran in terrible confusion. The 6th held the line for some time stubbornly, but subsequently retired about one and one-half miles north of Middletown.

Our losses are heavy in killed, wounded, and prisoners and guns.

They hit me this time, but not badly, through the fleshy part of the right thigh. Killed another horse for me that I paid \$200 for not four days ago.

Lieutenant Colonel Higinbotham of my regiment is killed. Captain Roome, my A. A. G., lies wounded by my side, Colonel Campbell do in the hand, Colonel Penrose do in the arm, his adjutant do in hand. All these are around me. The three last named will probably lose their arms.

This is my first experience in the hospital. I have been very fortunate, and particularly so to-day. No bones or arteries are injured, and I am quite comfortable.

General Sheridan was away when the affair occurred. He returned from Washington at ten this morning, and I think we are all right now.

Yours as ever,

JO. E. HAMBLIN.

On account of this wound General Hamblin was granted leave of absence. He came to his home in Yarmouthport, Cape Cod, and remained there nearly three months. The wound being then almost healed, he returned to the Army of the Potomac, where there had been no active operations during the period of his absence.

The following letter has no date, but was evidently written immediately after his return to camp:—

HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, 6TH CORPS.

After being feasted in New York, stopping two days in Washington, and a tedious journey by way of Annapolis, I have arrived once more in the "Army of the Potomac."

By all ranks I have been welcomed with every demonstration of affection. My old brigade has passed from me to General McKenzie; but General Wheaton, who commands the 1st Division, received me with open arms and warm embrace, and immediately assigned me to command the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 6th Corps, the largest and finest brigade in the corps. While I write, the band of my old brigade is serenading me. I am very fortunate and comfortable. Allen is my valet until I hear from Frank or get another in his place.

My wound is daily gaining strength. I ride very comfortably. Fresh air is rapidly restoring my former vigor. The troops are very comfortably quartered, the weather cold enough to keep the ground hard, but not uncomfortable. . . . Although I do not have the food here that I so much enjoyed at home, yet the camp is daily improving my condition.

My address will be Brevet Brigadier-General J. E. Hamblin, 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 6th Corps.

HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIGADE,
Feb. 8, 1865.

We returned to camp at 4 this A.M. after a three days' campaign to the left of our lines. We were used as support to the 5th Corps, who engaged the enemy, our loss trifling. The weather was severe, rain and severe cold alternating. Men very much exposed day and night. However, we are back again safe and comfortable.

I am slightly disappointed, not having heard from home since I left New York. Am daily expecting those photographs.

I am having a log cabin built, and, if we are allowed to remain quietly here another week, will be living in great style. I like my new command very well.

Tell Uncle John that General Wright, his old friend, is absent on leave. I am holding on to that bottle of whiskey until his return.

HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIGADE,
Feb. 19, 1865.

Letters enclosing photographs received yesterday. The cards were disposed of before the letter was read. The gentlemen of my staff appropriated them, and all are not yet supplied. Please send more, if you have any to spare. . . .

I see by the papers that I have been confirmed by the Senate as Brevet Brigadier-General. . . .

I am very well. Took off the last dressing from my leg this morning. Ride very well. Am only conscious of weakness in the joint when I sit down or rise up. I enclose two photographs, one of

a foreign officer on General Meade's staff, whom I found on the platform at Annapolis Railroad, unable to speak English, baggage lost, and trying to get to the army. I took him in charge, and, with my limited knowledge of French, safely conducted him to headquarters of the army.

HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION,
6TH CORPS, June 9, 1865.

We have accomplished our toilsome march from Danville to Washington, passed in review through Richmond, and yesterday through Washington. The weather has been very hot. Is so now.

I do not know yet what is in the future for me. Everything is uncertain. No one knows exactly what will be done with us. In a few days matters will be cleared up.

I called on Mrs. West. Her husband is ill. They are very kind. Covered me with wreaths and bouquets on the review. I had more than my orderly and self could carry. As soon as the mustering out is over and affairs get settled, probably in two or three weeks, I will go home for twenty days or for good.

P.S.—Have received my appointment as brigadier-general, and accepted it. Only three of us in the corps got it. General Sheridan made personal application for mine.

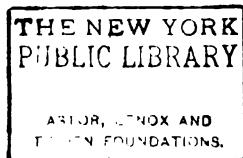
HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, PROVISIONAL
CORPS, LATE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, July 13, 1865.

Scarcely organized in our new corps,—in fact, while reading your congratulations upon being retained,—the order came to muster out *all* the Army of the Potomac, so that, instead of going into camp in the valley for the summer and fall, we are going home for good and all.

Two regiments of my brigade have already been mustered out, another will be to-morrow, and the other two will probably get off about the middle of next week, when I will be ordered to my home to report thence by letter. So you may expect me in about ten days or two weeks.



Yours truly
A. E. Hamble



A WAR INCIDENT, FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE
"PROVIDENCE JOURNAL."

While the battle was raging fiercely at Malvern Hill, the standard-bearer fell; and a gallant lad from the West, Stephen Robinson, volunteered to carry the bullet-riven colors. He bore them in triumph through all that bloody day; and thereafter in all actions, everywhere, Robinson carried the banner of the Chasseurs. Others might falter, but he stood firm. The silken folds were often riddled, the staff three times shattered; but the soldier passed unharmed, as though under a protecting ægis.

When the old 65th Regiment left for New York, their three years' service having expired, a beautiful impromptu incident occurred. Many of the veterans, though rejoiced at the prospect of soon seeing home, could hardly restrain their tears when the actual parting came. As Colonel Joe Hamblin was addressing a few farewell sentences to these men, who had been so long associated with him, his eyes rested for a moment on Stephen and the old flag. Involuntarily, he unpinned from his breast the golden badge of the corps, inscribed with his name and rank, and, advancing, with his own hands he made fast the memento to the breast of the brave soldier. Neither could utter a word, but the action carried its eulogy to every heart. Intrinsically, the gift was valuable; but it had in the eyes of the recipient a value that gold could not measure. He will treasure it always, and his descendants after him; for, better than words of praise, it embodies the estimation in which the wearer was held by the magnanimous officer who presented it.

LETTER OF GENERAL WHEATON.

WASHINGTON, D.C., June 21.

My dear General Jo,—

I shall be in New York in a day or two, to visit my brother and mother, where they are boarding at 107 East 16th Street, Union Square.

Now let me tell you a profound secret. I never intended to say anything about it until I had accomplished it; and, now that the Secretary of War has made the appointment and the papers are being prepared, I need no longer delay telling you that I long ago believed justice to your many merits and gallant services could not be done until you received on purely military grounds the Brevet of Major-General. I have given the matter my personal attention at the department; and, though I cannot bring you the appointment, as I had hoped to do, I can assure you that you will soon receive it.

Be assured this has not been done on account of the warm friendship I shall always bear for you, but because I know better than most people could know how fully you have earned it.

Come and see me, as above.

Yours faithfully,

F. WHEATON, U.S.A.

General J. E. HAMBLIN,
New York City.

General Hamblin spent the remainder of the summer of 1865 at his home in Yarmouthport. In the autumn he went to New York, and again entered the insurance business, under the firm name of Rathbone, Greig & Hamblin, remaining as a partner for two or three years. He then accepted the position of superintendent of agencies for the Commonwealth Fire Insurance Company, and held it until his death in 1870.

In 1867 he was appointed by General Shaler, of the New York National Guard, his adjutant and chief of staff.

On the 15th of October, 1868, General Hamblin married Isabella Gray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gray, of Barnstable. They made their home in New York. During the last year of General Hamblin's life he was seriously ill, though still attending as usual to business and to social demands. But his constitution had doubtless become weakened by the exposure, the exertions, and the responsibilities of army life; and when, late in June, 1870, an attack of peritonitis developed, he had not the strength to resist. He died in New York City July 3, 1870.

A granite monument of simple design in Woodside Cemetery at Yarmouthport marks the grave of General Hamblin.

Barnstable County has been fortunate in her sons since first the Pilgrims settled upon her shores. They have ever been ready when duty called, they have not quailed when danger threatened. During the long weary years of the Revolution they were active in the field and on the sea. In the War of the Rebellion all the towns of this section were well represented, both in the army and the navy. Most of those who enlisted were of the best New England stock, comparatively young, and already holding positions of trust and honor. It was not at first supposed that the war would be of long duration; but, when the magnitude of the struggle became apparent, they did not hesitate to leave their pleasant occupations, and to accept without a murmur the hardships and perils of a soldier's life.

General Hamblin, however, as one of his friends has said, appeared to foresee that the conflict was to be a long one. During the

years that he spent in St. Louis he had doubtless met and had more or less intercourse with the Southerners who came up on the river boats. Consequently, he knew better than most the state of feeling on both sides. He was the only man from Barnstable County who served continuously in the army from the beginning of the war to its close, and it does not appear that any other equalled him in the rank attained.

He was more fortunate than some of his comrades, in that he lived to see peace restored, and the country that he loved still "one and undivided."

From this great conflict the nation emerged, one, indeed, in name and in reality, but scarcely so in appearance. The North and the South seemed to be quite as much at variance in feeling as before; and added to this was the sting of defeat in one section, and bitter memories of struggle and loss on both sides.

But much had been accomplished. Slavery, that great disturbing force, had been abolished; and "the last vestige of piracy had disappeared from the ocean." As the years came and went, each brought changes, slight, almost imperceptible at times, yet beneficent. Green grass crept up torn hillsides and along trampled battlefields; and peace, with gentle touches, sought to hide the scars of war. The progress that has been made since then in the direction of harmony and union cannot perhaps be better told than in the words of President Roosevelt in his recent address at Charleston:—

"The wounds left by the great Civil War, incomparably the greatest war of modern times, have healed; and its memories are now priceless heritages of honor alike to the North and to the South. The devotion, the self-sacrifice, the steadfast resolution and lofty daring, the high devotion to the right as each man saw it, whether Northerner or Southerner,—all these qualities of the men and women of the early sixties now shine luminous and brilliant before our eyes, while the mists of anger and hatred that once dimmed them have passed away forever.

"All of us, North and South, can glory alike in the valor of the men who wore the blue and of the men who wore the gray.

"Those were iron times, and only iron men could fight to its ter-

rible finish the giant struggle between the hosts of Grant and Lee. To us of the present day, and to our children and children's children, the valiant deeds, the high endeavor, the abrogation of self shown in that struggle by those who took part therein will remain forevermore to mark the level to which we in our turn must rise whenever the hour of the nation's need may come."

TRIBUTES OF THE PRESS.

[From the *New York Times*, Tuesday, July 5, 1870.]

OBITUARY.

Major-General Joseph E. Hamblin, a brief announcement of whose death appeared in these columns yesterday, was one of the most gallant soldiers that fought for the Union in the late war. He was born, we believe, in Massachusetts. In April, 1861, he was appointed adjutant of the famous 5th New York, better known as the Duryea Zouaves, and served with that regiment during part of the first year of the war, during which he was commissioned major of the 65th New York Volunteers (1st United States Chasseurs). With this regiment he served with distinction as major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel, until, toward the close of the war, he attained the rank of brigadier-general, and subsequently was brevetted major-general for distinguished gallantry.

General Hamblin's command was attached to the 6th Corps, and he was present in all the fierce battles in which that body was engaged.

He was severely wounded at Cedar Creek, was in the final struggle before Richmond, and only sheathed his sword when his country had no further need of his services. Since the war he has resided in this city; and at the time of his death, which occurred in the forty-third year of his age, he held the responsible position of superintendent of agencies for the Commonwealth Fire Insurance Company.

General Hamblin's generous and genial qualities endeared him to a host of friends.

[From the *New York Times*, Wednesday, July 6, 1870.]

HONORS TO THE BRAVE.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH ELDRIDGE HAMBLIN.

The remains of Major-General Joseph E. Hamblin, the distinguished officer with whose gallant career in the late war our readers are familiar, and whose sudden death on Sunday has been announced in these columns, were yesterday escorted by a procession consisting of a large number of his old comrades, and details of cavalry, artillery, and infantry of the 1st Division National Guard, State of New York, from his late residence, 136 Lexington Avenue, to the Fall River boat, and started for Yarmouthport, Massachusetts, his native place, where they will be interred. The funeral services were largely attended. While they were in progress, the avenue in front of the residence was thronged with people; and a portion of the 7th Regiment, of which the general was once a member, formed in line near the house as part of the funeral procession. They were in uniform, but without arms. The military escort assembled in Madison Square.

The body was placed in the hall, and a continuous stream of people passed around it, to take a farewell look at the departed ; and many of them seemed to be deeply moved, for few had warmer or more sincere friends.

The body appeared as though in a deep sleep. It was clothed in citizen's dress, and on the left breast was the badge of the 6th Army Corps. The body was enclosed in a rich casket covered with black cloth, with heavy silver mountings and two silver plates. The one on the outside of the cover, bore merely the name of the deceased. On the inside was inscribed : —

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH E. HAMBLIN.

DIED JULY 3, 1870.

AGED 42 YEARS.

The funeral services were performed in one of the parlors on the second floor, in the presence of the relatives and immediate friends. The officiating clergyman was Rev. Dr. Bellows. The services were deeply impressive. At the close the body was borne to the hearse, the 9th Regiment presenting arms and the band playing a dirge. The procession was formed in Lexington Avenue about 3.30 o'clock, and, preceded by a squad of police, marched through Broadway and Chambers Street to the pier of the Fall River line of steamboats ; and the body was deposited on board, to be conveyed for burial to its last resting-place.

[From *Army and Navy Journal*, July 9, 1870.]

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL HAMBLIN.

The announcement of the death of this gallant soldier comes unexpectedly to his hosts of friends in this city. The deceased was one of nature's true noblemen ; and he had a commanding presence, which was in keeping with his character, his height being at least six feet four inches, and his form well proportioned.

General Hamblin's first military experience was gained in connection with the 3d Company of the 7th Regiment, N.G. He entered the United States service, April 22, 1861, as adjutant of Duryea's Zouaves (5th New York Volunteers), and was commissioned May 10, 1861. Promoted to be captain, August 10, 1861. Commissioned major of 1st United States Chasseurs (65th New York Volunteers), November 4, 1861. Promoted to be lieutenant-colonel July 20, 1862 ; colonel, May 26, 1863 ; brigadier-general by brevet " for gallant and meritorious services at Cedar Creek, Virginia," October 19, 1864 ; brigadier-general, May 19, 1865 ; major-general by brevet for conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Sailors' Creek, Virginia, April 5, 1865. Served in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, and also in the Washington and Shenandoah Valley campaign, under Phil Sheridan. Was at the battles of Big Bethel, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Marye's Heights, Salem

Heights, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House (two battles), Cold Harbor, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek (or Middletown), Hatcher's Run, in front of Fort Fisher on the Petersburg line, Petersburg (the final charge), and Sailors' Creek, Virginia. Was wounded at the battle of Cedar Creek, through the right thigh, and confined three months, but, with this exception, was constantly on duty from the beginning to the end of the war, and his brigade and regiment were the last ones mustered out of the Army of the Potomac.

About one week prior to his death the deceased met socially with the members of the 4th Company, 7th Regiment, on the occasion of their anniversary at Neversink, New Jersey. Then, although for sometime past complaining of a chronic disease, he was in good spirits and looking well as usual; but we fear the long marches undertaken and the consequent heat and fatigue hastened his death. It was, therefore, an imprudent movement on the part of the deceased; but one of so social and genial a temperament is apt to be at times forgetful of consequences. His death occurred on Sunday last at his residence, 136 Lexington Avenue; and on Tuesday obsequies suitable to an officer of his rank were rendered, and were of the most imposing and solemn character. Orders were issued by General Shaler, the 1st Division commander, on the Fourth, announcing the death of General Hamblin, and directing the proper escort for the funeral. These consisted of the 9th Infantry, under the direct command of Major Hitchcock, Colonel Fisk, its commander, being in command of the escort proper, in the absence of Brigadier-general Postly, detailed to command.

The 9th looked well, and paraded ten commands of ten files front, with full band and drum corps, which was a good display for so short a notice. Following the 9th came the separate troop cavalry, Captain Klein commanding, and two sections of Battery K, under Captain Heubner. Then came the hearse containing the remains, with the following officers as pall-bearers, who paraded mounted:—

Major-General Alexander Shaler.
Major-General C. K. Graham.
Brigadier-General T. H. Neill.
Brigadier-General H. E. Tremain.
Brigadier-General I. H. Liebenan.
Colonel W. H. Cheseborough.

Major-General M. T. McMahon.
Major-General A. Duryea.
Brigadier-General G. W. Palmer.
Brigadier-General L. Burger.
Colonel John Fowler, Jr.
Lieutenant-Colonel G. T. Haws.

The officers of the 65th Regiment, United States Volunteers, followed in citizen's dress. Then the 7th Infantry, N.G., about two hundred strong, in full dress uniforms, but without arms, also veterans of the 7th in citizen's dress, all acting as mourners.

The procession was very imposing; and the ceremony, although delayed somewhat, was well and properly conducted. The remains were escorted to the

foot of Chambers Street, N.R., and there deposited on board one of the Sound steamers of the Narragansett Steamship Company, to be conveyed for burial to the birthplace of the deceased, Yarmouthport, Massachusetts. The remains having been received on board in proper style by the officers and sailors of the boat, the escort was dismissed, and returned to their armory.

[From the New York *Herald*.]

On Sunday last there died in this city, at his residence, No. 136 Lexington Avenue, one of the heroes of the immortal 6th Corps of the Army of the Union, — a genial gentleman, a distinguished officer, and one who in military and civil life had the happy gift of making himself agreeable to all with whom he was thrown in contact.

General Hamblin was for many years prior to 1861 a prominent and popular member of the 7th Regiment, National Guards; and almost immediately on the outbreak of the Rebellion he volunteered his services in defence of the nation. . . .

He participated in each of Sheridan's brilliant successes in the Shenandoah Valley, and at Cedar Creek was severely wounded in the leg.

Here one of the characteristics of the man was developed in a peculiar and touching way. Owing to the reverse which the Union troops suffered early in the day, the casualties among the general and field officers, in their attempts to rally the retreat of troops and keep them to their ground, were heavy. Although suffering from his wound, General Hamblin was seen among the wounded officers at the hospital that day, doing all in his power to alleviate their sufferings, and actually limping to the spring with canteens, and filling them with water for his wounded companions. . . .

For distinguished bravery at Sailors' Creek he was brevetted major-general. In this action his brigade suffered severely, and literally "covered themselves with glory."

In person, Major-General Hamblin was of attractive and decidedly soldierly appearance, six feet, four inches in height, finely formed, with strongly marked features and characteristic military bearing.

Socially, he was one of the most genial and noble-spirited of men; and was universally beloved by the rank and file of his brigade, as well as by a large circle of friends and acquaintances in private life.

The New York *Daily Tribune*, the *Evening Express*, the *Sun*, the *World*, the *Sunday Mercury*, and the St. Louis *Daily Democrat* contained similar articles.

[From the Yarmouth *Register*, Friday, July 8, 1870.]

GENERAL JOSEPH E. HAMBLIN.

This community was greatly pained by the intelligence which reached us on Monday of the death of this distinguished and beloved officer on Sunday afternoon last. His health had been impaired for some time past, the result, no doubt, of exposures and hardships during the war; but no apprehensions were entertained of a fatal termination of his illness until a short time before his death. . . . His public record was a most honorable one, brave, chivalrous and patriotic. The Republic had no truer or better soldier in her ranks than Joseph E. Hamblin.

Forgetful of self, ready to serve his comrades, no one of his old companions-in-arms but will cherish his memory in their hearts with the warmest affection and respect.

To his intimate friends he was ever kind, affectionate, considerate, ready to serve them even at the sacrifice of his own interests,—in short, a true friend and a gentleman of unsullied honor.

FUNERAL OF GENERAL HAMBLIN.

The remains of Major-general Hamblin arrived here on the Wednesday noon train, and were received at the depot by a number of his personal friends, and escorted to his mother's residence. The funeral took place at the house at three o'clock P.M.

The services were conducted by Rev. Joseph Pettee, of Abington, and Rev. H. F. Edes, of Barnstable.

The remains were escorted to the cemetery by the James Otis Lodge of Freemasons, the following gentlemen officiating as pall-bearers: Hon. J. M. Day, Hon. George A. King, Mr. George Hallet, Hon. C. F. Swift, William P. Davis, Esq., Mr. Frank Thacher.

At the tomb the impressive ceremony of the Masonic order was performed by Mr. M. Elijah Lewis, 2d, and Chaplain Thomas Weston.

A large concourse of citizens of this and neighboring villages testified the respect of our people for the memory of the deceased.

The Barnstable *Patriot* also gave an appreciative summary of General Hamblin's war record and an account of the funeral services.

[From the *Evening Mail*, New York, Thursday, July 7, 1870.]

THE LATE GENERAL HAMBLIN.

And so the gallant, generous, grand General Joe Hamblin is dead. The news of his decease was indeed a shock, because it was totally unexpected. He had been grievously sick, but had to all appearance entirely recovered when the writer last met him. Highly esteeming him not only as a soldier, but as a man, it was a pleasant thing to hear his cheering voice declare that, although his recovery was almost a miracle, nevertheless he had recovered, and felt as well as ever.

This, apparently, was only a few days ago; and now he is dead,—another one of our many distinguished officers who survived the immediate perils of battle to succumb later to the consequences of their exposure and privation in the field.

In many respects, General Hamblin was a very remarkable man. His gifts of person were unusual. He was not only a Saul in height, but in figure and features. What is more and very unusual, his mind corresponded to his physical development. He had a very fine mind; and Hamblin, fine soldier as he was, owed nothing to any military academy. . . .

When the rebels fired upon Fort Sumter, Hamblin was one of the prescient men who foresaw that we were in for a big war. He hastened to Washington to offer his services, which he knew would be needed, and reached that city the very day (15th April, 1861) that Lincoln issued his first call for 75,000 men. The same morning he returned to New York, and seven days afterward (22d April) was appointed adjutant of the 5th New York Volunteers. He was present at Big Bethel, and remained with his regiment until Cochrane raised the regiment (65th New York Volunteers) known as the United States Chasseurs. Hamblin was selected as major, Major-general Shaler being the lieutenant-colonel and actual commandant. . . .

After the Peninsular campaign, Hamblin, with rank from July, 1862, became lieutenant-colonel of his regiment (United States Chasseurs). This promotion he had won by hard service before Yorktown, at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Glendale, and Malvern Hill. In the latter terrible fight, in which the United States Chasseurs did glorious service, Major Hamblin had a narrow escape. A ball passed through the cocked-up flap of his felt hat, and actually flattened the acorn on the band.

As lieutenant-colonel (date of rank July 20, 1862), Hamblin participated in the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg (1), Fredericksburg (2), in the desperate storming of Marye's Heights (Sedgwick's fight in connection with Chancellorsville) on the morning and noon of Sunday, May 3, 1863, and stubborn defence of Salem Heights on the afternoon of Monday, May 4, bloody episodes on the left of that series of engagements known as Chancellorsville. Shaler having received his brigadier's commission for his gallant behavior at the capture of Marye's

Heights, Hamblin succeeded him as colonel, with rank from May 26, 1863, and as such in the 6th Corps was at Rappahannock or Brandy Station and at Gettysburg and at Mine Run, under Meade; in the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, under Wright with Grant; and at Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek under Sheridan. Hamblin was made brevet brigadier-general for gallantry and meritorious conduct at the battle of Cedar Creek, etc.

The 6th Corps did nobly there. Hamblin was shot through the right thigh. In this battle he claimed that his corps (the 6th) was not driven back, while all else melted away, to present the marvel of reorganization from flight, and advance to a complete victory. Assigned to a command appropriate to his brevet rank, Hamblin was next in the engagements in front of Petersburg, especially at Hatchers Run, and finally at Sailors' Creek.

Commissioned as brigadier-general U.S.V., with rank from May 19, 1865, Hamblin received the higher compliment of brevet major-general's commission, with rank from April 5, 1865, for conspicuous gallantry in the Army of the Potomac's crowning victory of Sailors' Creek.

General Hamblin, besides hair-breadth escapes, one of which occurred as related at Malvern Hill, had three horses shot under him. Throughout his service of four years and some months he received but one leave of absence for ten days, just after Fredericksburg, first, and never lost an hour of duty during that time except through sickness, although serving continuously at the front. Even his three months' confinement with wounds occurred during those intervals when the corps to which he belonged was not engaged with the enemy.

It is the opinion of the best judges of military merit that we had few more thorough soldiers than the subject of this sketch. All unite in attesting his energy, courage, and capacity in the field; and the writer, who knew him well, can bear witness to his social qualities, clearness and honesty of judgment, kind heart-winning manners, and friendly interest in everything which tended to place the neglected soldier properly before the American people, too often forgetful of the debt they owe to the army for a country saved, redeemed, restored, and glorified.

(ANCHOR.)

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the directors of the Commonwealth Fire Insurance Company held in New York, July 11, 1870, the president announced the death of Major-general Joseph E. Hamblin, late superintendent of agencies; and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the loss of an officer so capable and faithful is deeply to be deplored, and that this Board deems it not less a duty than a just acknowledgment to now place on record its high appreciation of General Hamblin's business knowledge, executive ability, industry, and integrity.

Resolved, That the *kind heart, genial spirit, and courteous manner* of General Hamblin has endeared him to all his associates, and will long be remembered.

GEORGE S. HAWS, *President*.

Company C, 7th Regiment National Guard State New York:—

Resolved, That in the death of General Hamblin we have lost one whose glorious and patriotic career has shed more lustre on our Company escutcheon than that of any one whose name was ever inscribed on our rolls,—a gallant soldier, a pure patriot, a courteous and genial gentlemen, a warm and large-hearted friend. . . .

Resolved, That in his death the community has lost a public-spirited and upright citizen, and one who was dearly cherished and sincerely beloved by a large circle of friends.

Resolved, That, as a Company, we tender his friends and comrades our sympathy, and commend his widow and relatives to the care of that God in whom our deceased friend so firmly believed and trusted.

The Military Order, Loyal Legion United States, Commandery of the State of New York:—

Companion Brevet Major-general Joseph E. Hamblin died at New York City, July 3, 1870.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, the Creator of man and the Supreme Ruler of the universe, in his infinite wisdom to remove from earth the spirit of our late respected and beloved companion, Brevet Major-general Joseph E. Hamblin, who died in this city on the morning of July 3, 1870,—be it therefore

Resolved, That we sincerely regret the loss which this commandery has sustained in the death of so respected and beloved a member. Distinguished as he

was for his genial and social qualities, as well as for his love of country, and bravery when called upon to defend her honor, he leaves behind him a record as a soldier and a gentleman that we, as companions, may well emulate.

Resolved, That we consider his death a loss which we with his many warm friends do deeply deplore; and, while offering our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, we at the same time present to them the consolation of an assurance that their beloved one has not lived in vain, but that his country will gratefully remember his many services in her hour of danger, and that his example will stimulate his friends so to live that of them it may be said, as of him:—

He lived the courteous, kind, and affable gentleman and brave, modest soldier, and, dying, leaves a spotless reputation, which his family and friends may well esteem as a priceless legacy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to his family, be published in the *Army and Navy Journal*, and entered upon the records of this commandery.

By order of Brevet Major-general Alexander S. Webb, Senior Vice-Commander, commanding.

